

1465. f. 49.

A

ON THE

Book of Job.

RECTOR OF STOCKTON, NORFOLK.

Tu, candide Lector,

Sensibus hæc imis, (Res non est parva) reponas.

Norwich :

PRINTED BY STEVENSON AND MATCHETT, MARKET-PLACE.



240 END TOWN

BOOKS

Book of 300



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121.

STO

TO THE

Right Hon. Lord Wodehouse,

KIMBERLEY HALL,

IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.

THE FOLLOWING

POEM

WITH PERMISSION AND GREAT RESPECT

INSCRIBED

By his Lordship's

MOST DEVOTED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

VALENTINE LUMLEY BERNARD.

STOCKTON,

JANUARY 1800.

Argument of the First Book.

THE Invocation.—An Eulogium to the memory of a deceased friend, & a deceased daughter.—The introduction of the Poem.—Job's prosperity.—Satan discovers that, and marks him out as an object of his envy: And to effect that, ridicules his piety before God.—The Almighty to demonstrate the reality of his piety, withdraws his protection.—Satan, leave granted, brings all possible external evil upon Job, by summoning his Fiends.—The Sabeans destroy his asses;—A tremendous storm his sheep.—The Chaldeans carry off his camels. And a mighty whirlwind throws down his palaces, overwhelming his sons and daughters in the ruins.—Job sinking under the weight of this affliction, in sackcloth laments his birth. Shews the instability of all sublunary affairs: but thro' patience retains his trust in God.—Whereupon Satan with envy vex'd, his projects failing, withdraws, contriving new schemes for future success.

JOB: A POEM.

Book the First.

DEIGN! heav'nly Muse! more sacred than
the Nine,

Deign to assist this first attempt of mine :
And join your aid, my *Wodehouse*, while I sing,
The patient virtues of an Eastern King!
His rise, his fall—his once exalted state,
His ills immense—beyond another's fate.
Thou friend of man, thy wonted kindness lend,
And while I sing, my humble lays befriend :
Blest with superior light, whose goodness shines
To ease, alleviate, distressed minds.
Save sacred influence ! I invoke no name,
More worthy of my theme, or endless fame.
But while I venture thus in humble lays,
And beg indulgence, while I sing thy praise :

B

I can't

I can't forget, my late departed friend,
 To whom death does but greater praises lend.
 Peace to his *manes* ! whose kind bounty shone,
 Where'er was found the widow's piteous moan,
 Or orphan's cry, or sorrow's threat'ning frown ;
 These *Rigby* pitied—these he call'd his own.
 But check the tear—the gloomy thought remove :
 And view *him* seated 'midst the blest above.

But why still drops the tear? why saddens
 grief,

The troubled thought? why yet deni'd relief?
 Is* my fond child no more? Death made a prey,
 While bloom of spring adorn'd her youthful day !
 With tender care, her infant steps I view'd,
 That tender care her youthful day renew'd:
 Sorrow she banish'd from my pensive breast,
 And oft my cheeks with smiles she did invest:
 Certain my hopes, her riper age would prove
 A scene of joy—a scene of mutual love.
 “ Thus to the dark'ned earth with bright'ning
 wing,
 “ From out the balmy East does Phœbus spring,

* The Author here laments the Loss of his eldest Daughter, who died April 6, 1791, in her 20th Year.

“Dispelling shade of darkness, having hurl’d
“His golden beams around this lower world.”
Whene’er in autumn full-blown blossoms fall,
Or winter strips the trees—’tis Nature’s call.
But should the summons touch the youthful
grove,
’Tis Heav’n has pass’d the great decree above.
Thus fever’s rage has snatch’d away my child,
Whose soul was amiable, virtuous, mild.
Her person graceful—heart from falsehood free—
Her mind adorn’d with open honesty.
O death! that she could not escape thy blast!
O why destroy, before her morn was past!
But cease my tears—’tis Heav’n has struck the
blow,
Call’d her to bliss from anxious cares below:—
Mourn not my soul! the gloomy thought remove,
And view *her* seated ’midst the blest above.



I sing not arms—nor deeds of martial kind:
I sing those virtues, which adorn the mind.
The patience of a Job—the muse now sings,
Which far surpasses the royalty of kings.

Hail, monarch of the East, prepar’d to bend
Thy soul to bear, whate’er thy God shall send.

Bereav'd of sons and daughters—and of health—
 Bereav'd of friends—bereav'd of boundless
 wealth.

From head to foot encompassed with woe,
 Tempted by Satan—by no less a foe.
 But leave must first be had from God most high,
 From *him*—who reigns above the starry sky:
 Not without leave from *him*—from that great
God,

Who makes the world to tremble at his rod:
 Can hell—or Satan—or the man who's bad,
 Afflict the *just*—or make the *righteous* sad:
 He for wise ends—and with parental eye,
 Bids sorrow come—or makes affliction fly.

Hail, patient Monarch! This in thee we find,
 Exemplar made to certify mankind:
 That patience crowns each work designed to be,
 The great reward of virtue—piety.
 This lesson thine! revolving ages scan,
 And see the *God*—in each alternate plan.
 In *thee* they see from whence all grief proceed,
 And *who*, what pow'r can help in time of need.

In

In wealth, in honour, and in regal state,
In all the East, as *Job*, not one so great.
Thousands of cattle did his folds contain,
Camels—and sheep—and asses graz'd the plain.
Sons he was blest with—the free gift of Heav'n,
And unto *him* were beaut'ous daughters giv'n.
For wealth and virtue, he was so renown'd,
As that around him equals were not found.
Devout and chearful, when with plenty blest,
Patient and humble, when with want oppress'd.
He neither being full, deni'd his God,
Nor basely curs'd him, when beneath his rod.
His wealth immense, his crown could not divert
His mind from God—God still possess'd his heart.
Religion was the wheel his soul did move,
And Heav'n the chief ingredient of his love.
The gift of time he wisely did divide,
To friendship part—and part to pray'r appli'd.
The wise attended, and his counsel heard,
And e'en the bad respected him, and fear'd.
His sons and daughters gladly heard his voice,
Subjects and slaves he caused to rejoice.
The captive he set free—the hungry fed,
And from oppressive pow'r the poor he led.
Thus piously the monarch spent his days,
And to his virtue join'd his Maker's praise.

Long

Long thus *Job* liv'd! but sad reverse of fate,
 Ills croud on ill—*and* shade his princely state.
 For lo! as thro' the East proud Satan pass'd,
 He with disdain his eyes upon him cast:

Emitting thus his wrath—

“What shall I suffer this? shall I, says he,
 “Endure a man thus rich, who serves not me:
 “The present world is mine—’tis I that pay
 “My faithful votaries without delay.
 “If gold my gift be thus on *Job* bestow’d
 “All men like him, will leave me, and be good.
 “But I’ll prevent it: *Job*, thou soon shalt see,
 “Thy foolish choice in serving God; not me.”

This said—his flaming eyes around he threw,
 And from his vengeful heart vain curses flew:
 But that was all: he durst not nearer press,
 Nor touch the faint, whom God’s high hand did
 bless.

Then to himself again: “O! my accursed fate,
 “Must I behold him prosper—whom I hate?
 “What from a God—am I become such slave,
 “That I can’t hurt without *Jehovah*’s leave?
 “If so, for once I’ll deign his pow’r to own,
 “And with submissive voice approach his throne.
 “Then

"Then if this Job, his virtue still retain,
"And faithful to his Maker still remain:
"Let me my kingdom lose on earth, and dwell
"Confin'd for ever in the deepest hell.
"Let me my sov'reign pow'r at once forsake,
"And mourn for ever in the fiery lake."

This said—in no long time his restless mind,
A fitting opportunity did find.

When thus th' Almighty——

"In all the world, hast thou Job's equal found,
"For virtue—piety—so much renown'd."

"Yes, I observ'd him"—Satan makes reply,
"But don't at all admire his piety.
"Well may he pass for righteous, and be still
"Accounted good—who ne'er was tempt with ill.
"Him above all men living, thou hast blest,
"And with thy service join'd his interest.
"No wonder then, while thus from trial free,
"That he should love—obey—and honour thee.
"But put forth now correction—from him take.
"Thy wonted bounty—call thy blessings back:
"Do this, and satisf'd thou soon shalt be
"'Tis all pretence—and mere hypocrisy.

He'll

“ He'll soon rebel—and destitute of grace,
“ Revolt from *Thee*—and curse *Thee* to thy face.”

“ Then to convince thee—lo! I now recall
“ From him—from his—and from his children
all—
“ My high protecting hand. But mind he be
“ In person safe—and from thy malice free.”

This licence granted—straight the fiend with-
drew,
From the bright throne—and down to earth he
flew.

Since Paradise was lost—the fiend ne'er had
A face so chearful—nor a soul so glad.
Of sure success he made no ling'ring doubt,
Too soon triumphant—e'er the trial fought.

Then to himself—

“ If Job be suffer'd, all men will forsake
“ Our cause—and with Jehovah friendship make.
“ Our int'rest will be lost—and we be driv'n
“ Ere long from off this earth, as late from heav'n.”

Then he his worst of fiends did call—and they
Their master's voice with readiness obey.

“ Go

"Go forth, he said, your strength and malice
shew,
"And make Job curse the hand—he blesses now.
"Call fire from Heav'n, and burn his substance
up,
"And make his servants drink Death's bitter cup.
"Raise whirlwinds next, and lay his palace low:
"And let his children fall by one most mighty
blow."

He spoke; his words they ponder'd in their
breasts:

Then Molock bow'd, and answer'd for the rest.

"Your part, great monarch, is commands to lay,

"'Tis our's with *all* submission to obey.

"Tho' Heav'n we lost, yet by your pow'r we
gain

"New empires here, and Lord it over man.

"'Tis you we serve, but none so much as I

"On whom the noblest service you employ—

"My brethren three may all the rest perform;

"To KILL his children by tremendous storm,

"This pleasures me—Dread Sir, this gives me joy,

"'Tis Molock's great ambition to destroy:

"I prided in man's fall to pleasure you,

"And this now gives me joy and pleasure too."

c

Meanwhile

Meanwhile God's servant, void of guilt and
fear,

Liv'd unconcern'd, nor thought of danger near!
When lo! behold how vain is man's estate,
How frail, how changeable his mortal fate.
A frighted servant all in haste comes in,
And thus the sadd'ning tale he does begin.

"Sad tidings, Sir, I bring. For even now
"The while your men and oxen were at plow
"In yonder fields. And while in meadows near
"Securely feeding all your asses were.
"The thought still makes me shrink—a lawless
crew
"Of wild Sabeen robbers on them flew.
"Alas! how could unarmed servants fight,
"Against such num'rous bands, so strong in
might.
"Thy flocks they stole. On heaps thy servants
fell,
"And I, alone escap'd, the news to tell."

Scarce had he spoke—when lo! ('tis seldom
known,
'That one affliction seizeth man alone.)

A second

A second comes—whose pale—whose ghastly
look,
Portends some fatal ill—and thus he spoke.

“Your herds were feeding in the plains just by,
“When lo! a fire from out the threat’ning sky,
“Burnt sheep and shepherds—all in tempest fell:
“And I, half burnt, escap’d the news to tell.”

He scarce had done—when from the field a
third,
Upon whose face a deep concern appear’d,
Comes home—quite spent with haste, and pale
with fear,
In accents weak his falt’ring tongue declare;

“In arms Chaldeans marching came: and
drove
“Thy camels off. In vain thy servants strove
“To guard their charge. Alas! they outnumber’d fell:
“And I, alone, escap’d, the news to tell.”

Scarce had he finish’d—when with grief oppress’d,
A fourth brings far worse tidings than the rest:

His dreadful message in his face appears,
Nor need he speak to tell, what news he bears.

“Why was I left alive, says he, t’impart
“Such killing news, and break my master’s heart.
“Your sons and daughters met invited all
“To banquet in their eldest brother’s hall.
“With rich varieties the board was crown’d,
“The music play’d, and sentiments of mirth
went round:
“When, (view the sudden turns of fate—and
how
“Afflicting grief secure delights pursue!)
“A mighty whirlwind from the desert lands
“Appear’d tremendous. Nought it’s pow’r
withstands.
“Hills from the centre shook—oaks from the
roots it tore,
“Where many ages they had stood before.
“Against the hall, as if for that intent,
“As if for that chief single mischief sent,
“It bent it’s mighty rage—it bur’d all—
“Sons—daughters—servants—in one funeral.”
“No soul escap’d—so fearfully it fell—
“But me, unhappy me, the news to tell.”

The

The former strokes good Job unmoved took,
He neither murmured—nor chang'd his look,
But now from off his seat he rose—as if
He'd met a subject worthy of his grief.
His purple robe he from his shoulders tore,
And in it's room a skirt of sackcloth wore.
He shaves his head—makes bare his reverend
crown,
And on the marble pavement casts his body
down.
All blessings gone—but life,—Nought does he
crave,
But mourns his birth—and wishes for the grave,
Thus breaking silence—overwhelm'd with grief—
Not seeing near the least desir'd relief.

“Let dismal darkness seize that baneful night,
“Or that black day, which brought me into light.
“Dark be it's sun—and dark it's twilight star,
“Let woe and tempest seize it's troubled air.
“Because it shut not close my mother's womb,
“Or born—convey'd me not to silent tomb.
“For then I'd been at rest: where great and
small
“Lie undistinguish'd by death's equal call.

“Naked

"Naked from out my mother's hopeless womb

"I came—and shall go naked to the tomb.

"While here we live—some sit in gaudy state—

"While others are but born to harder fate.

"But no such nice distinctions do attend,

"Or us await at our life's certain end.

"In different channels here we steer: but all

"Rise from one spring—and in one common
grave do fall.

"We nothing brought into this world—nor
may

"Expect to carry aught from hence away.

"O! thou great God—who order'st all things
well,

"Tis impious—'tis ungrateful to rebel.

"Whatever blessings I enjoy'd: From Thee

"They came—Thy bounty lent them all to me.

"They were not mine, but thine: and thou hast
done,

"No wrong at all in taking back thine own.

"Lo! prostrate on the ground in deep distress,

"Thy wisdom—truth—thy justice I confess,

"And with a soul resign'd thy holy name I
blefs."

Thus

Thus spoke the faint. Thus hellish methods
prove,
Unable his religious mind to move.
This satan saw; with grief and envy vex'd,
Thus to be baffled, thus in mind perplex'd,
What surer course to take—how to repair
His shatter'd forces, and renew the war,
His mind engrosses now. And with this thought
Half pleas'd, half mad, with furious anger fraught,
The fiend withdraws: projecting to regain
His loss of honour in the next campaign.

End of Book the First.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education since the last meeting of the Board.

1. Mr. John A. Smith

2. Mr. James B. Jones

3. Mr. William C. Brown

4. Mr. Charles D. White

5. Mr. Edward F. Green

6. Mr. George H. Black

7. Mr. Henry I. Gray

8. Mr. Thomas J. Hall

9. Mr. John K. Adams

10. Mr. Robert L. Baker

11. Mr. Daniel M. Clark

12. Mr. John N. Evans

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822.

Argument of the Second Book.

A senate in heaven conven'd. Satan intrudes; obtains fresh grounds for temptation; even to torment the person of Job, and to afflict him with dire disease: but not to touch his life. Again baffled in this, Job yet retaining his integrity: Satan brings to mind the promise, "that the woman's seed should in process of time bruise his head," i. e. crush his power; supposes, but not determines Job to be that seed: for this reason renews his policy how to overcome. Descends to hell. Calls a council. Shews the many temptations, as his messengers, whereby the child of man seeks his own ruin. Declares himself unequal to the task. Asks advice. Belial rises, proposes from Eve's first tempting Adam, to try the same on Job by his wife. Satan replies, pleas'd with the advice. Belial departs: assumes the appearance of the mother of Job's wife. By night accosts her in a dream. Tells her that her misfortunes flow from Job. Bids her go, and advise him to curse God: thence future happiness would redound. She wakes, full of rage goes to Job, advises him to curse the hand that thus afflicted; and that thence pain and suffering would cease. Job reproves her, and disdains her counsel; and in spite of all, bears his sufferings with patience. She thus foil'd, departs.

JOB: A POEM.



Book the Second.



THE trumpet's found in heav'n was heard.—
 And all
 The saints appear at their great Father's call.
 Millions of angels circumstand the throne,
 Who, clad in garments white, with glory shone.
 Within the sacred senate thus conven'd
 Their mighty sov'reign's pleasure to attend,
 Bold Satan ventures to intrude again,
 And slyly mingles with the happy train.
 Amid the crowds, which fill that sacred place,
 How durst the prince of devils shew his face?
 How durst he stain the place from whence he fell,
 Why suffer'd loose from out his fiery hell?
 But God's all-seeing eye directly found,
 The foe had ventur'd on forbidden ground.

When thus th' Almighty—"Thou base fiend!
 behold, and see,
"How plainly Job blasphemes, and curses me!
"I yielded up my servant to thy pow'r,
"Without just cause to be afflicted sore:
"Nor hast thou spar'd, but to the full extent
"Of it's great grant—thy baneful malice went.
"Yet still his pious temper he maintains,
"And o'er thy feeble rage triumphant reigns."

Thus God,—And thus the foe of man repli'd—
"Yes! still he lives, and still he does abide
"In perfect health: for which a man would sell
"All that he has, and think it purchas'd well,
"Nought, save external loss, he suffers yet,
"But grant me further pow'r: to me commit
"T' afflict his person: that would move him more,
"Than all the losses he sustain'd before.
"Grant me but this, Job destitute of grace,
"And patience gone, would curse thee to thy
 face."

Then God thus spake:
"Thou might'st, if malice had not made thee
 blind,
"In thy late ill success, thy future find,

— But

"But since thy rash presumption urges still:
"For further leave to tempt: once more I will
"Indulge thy wish. Him tyrannize it o'er,
"As over all he had, thou didst before.
"But spare his precious life. Pres not in vain,
"For *that, that very grant* thou never shalt
obtain."

Th' Almighty spoke, and with an angry frown
Sent the bold fiend half glad, half angry down:
Glad of new pow'r obtain'd, but angry still
To have it bridled by another's will.
And thus descended, nought of ill recoils,
But fills Job's body o'er with angry boils.
No place from head to foot was free from wounds,
Which caus'd his breathing pit'ous words and
sounds.

The loathsome body the spectators fright,
And they that lov'd him once, now shun his sight.
His meanest servants look, and turn away,
And their own master's calls do not obey.
Not they alone: but e'en his dearest wife,
Once the delight and comfort of his life,
Now leaves him in distresses worse than death,
The haughty dame can't brook her husband's
breath.

No aid nor pity his complaints procure,
Nay e'en himself can scarce himself endure.
Deserted thus, prostrate on earth he lies,
And counts the tedious moments by his sighs.
While day remains he longs for night, and then
His restless sorrows call for day again.
For while kind slumber would awhile refresh
His panting breast, and ease his tortur'd flesh;
The foe e'en takes this small relief away,
And makes the night as painful as the day.
Thus lay the saint beneath the pressing rod,
But still he lov'd, but still he prais'd his God,
Resolv'd to walk by faith, and not by sight,
He bravely triumph'd over Satan's spite.
And bow'd with easy self-denial still
His sense and reason to th' Almighty's will.
Nor was his tongue once heard to utter ought
That argu'd in his mind rebellious thought.

And now the curst fiend impatient grown,
To see his favor'd project overthrown;
Began to be enrag'd—as when he fell
By conqu'ring angels bound and thrown to
hell—
But somewhat recollected, with a sullen frown
He thus himself bespoke—

“ Have

"Have I for this myself a suppliant made
"To God most high, and too ignobly pray'd,
"Only for leave to shew how soon the pride
"And pow'r of satan may be mortifi'd.
"Now I believe, what once I heard, and read,
"How that "the woman's seed should bruise the
 serpent's head."
"Tis doubtless but too true, I must submit,
"I find I must: but sure I need not yet.
"The woman's seed—what must that myst'ry be,
"But this same Job perchance may not be he.
"Job must be conquered, he must and shall,
"I'll never leave him, till I see him fall.
"Nay let the promis'd seed come when it will,
"I'll meet him in the field, and try his skill.
"Meanwhile I'll practice on his friend, and grow
"Still more expert t' engage the mighty foe.
"On my great name 'twill leave a lasting brand,
"Not to accomplish what I take in hand.
"But first I'll take advice. The cause will need
"A full debate, e'er further we proceed.
"Job thou hast foil'd me twice: but mark it well,
"My third attack thou never shalt repel."

Thus with a threat'ning brow he takes his flight,
Down to the realms of everlasting night:

Summons

Summons a council—and his haughty crew
No sooner heard, but to his mandate flew.
To whom their prince thus spoke. “Grave sena-

tors

“Illustrious peers, most sage and mighty pow’rs.
“Since down from heav’n our just resentments
ran,

“No other work to do but ruin man,

“God’s darling man, created to supply

“The seats we left—and fill th’ unpeopl’d sky.

“Nor has success been wanting; our high place

“May still be void, ’spite of this upstart race.

“Our well laid schemes, our charming arts have
won

“The greatest part.—The rich we have undone,

“By tempting them to avarice and pride,

“And num’rous wicked ills and sins beside.

“Nor have the poor escap’d the stratagem,

“Impatience, envy, murm’ring ruins them.

“Their souls to lust the strong and healthful yield,

“Our champion lust has it’s ten thousands kill’d.

“With pains and sickness others we assail,

“And then provoke them to repine and rail:

“And curse the hand of Providence, as if

“Their great Creator caus’d all their grief.

“But

" But Job, O! hateful name! derides all pain,
" On him we practice all our arts in vain.
" That Job no ill can move, nor want nor wealth,
" He's just the same in sickness and in health.
" His old religious mind he still retains,
" And humbly worships God amid his pains.
" Still loves him, and with blister'd tongue does
 sing,
" Blessed be God, my Father, and my King.
" This can we suffer? No! we never can,
" If we be angels still, and he but man.
" Where fled your well known spite, my fiends?
 What now
" Shall we before a wretched mortal bow?
" Then give advice, how vict'ry may be gain'd,
" How yet our honor is to be maintain'd."

He spoke. Then Belial thus.—

" Let not your wrath, great prince, unruly grow,
" Against that stupid wretch: we'll make him
 know:
" Our strong temptations cannot be withstood,
" For he shall yet blaspheme and curse his God.
" The means are obvious, and have often done
" *Feats noble*, and eternal honors won.

E

" Have

"Have you forgot, how Adam was undone,
" 'Twas by his wife—and Job has such an one.
" She to great Satan gladly would return,
" For in her heart she Job's religion scorn.
" Job like a proud and impious tyrant, he
" Denies her conscience native liberty—
" His unjust laws compels her to fulfill,
" And makes her serve his God against her will.
" Her sex's dow'r she wants not—envy—pride,
" Revenge—and forty glorious names beside.
" Job sick and poor: She wishes now to be
" From such a loathsome nauseous carcase free.
" For such a work as our's she seems design'd,
" And made like Eve to ruin human kind.
" Sir, with your leave I'll go, and set her on,
" And let her finish what we have begun.
" A few instructions will suffice, for she
" Is near as *artful* and as *wise* as we."

He scarce had done, when overcome with joy,
The prince of devils made this quick reply.

"My blessing on thee, dear and precious
friend,
"O! may success thy sage advice attend!
"Nor

“Nor do I doubt it: O! that I had now
“More friends as faithful and as wise as thou!
“Our good old cause might be reviv’d again,
“And our lost heaven we might yet obtain.
“And if the sov’rign seat in heav’n was mine,
“Next to myself in glory thou should’st shine.”

This said—he from his fiery throne descends,
To thank the friend on whom all hope depends.
Applauding murmurs thro’ th’ assembly ran,
And Satan pleas’d—dissolv’d them once again.

Now Belial seeks revenge on Job to take,
And for this end did preparation make.
On his advice the state did much rely,
His int’rest great, and great his policy.
None serv’d the prince, or carried on his cause
With greater fervency, with more applause.
Forthwith he went, and took the nearest way,
And soon attain’d the lightsome realms of day:
And straight to eastern part unseen he went,
Near to the place where Job had pitch’d his tent.
Of thicken’d air there forms a neat disguise,
Apt to deceive th’ unwary matron’s eyes.
The form of Job’s wife’s mother lately dead—
He takes, and spreads with snow his shaking head:
He

He counterfeits her stature; shape, and mein,
 And in his face were all her features seen:
 Her hollow cheeks, sunk eyes, and toothless
 mouth,

He so belid, they well might pass for truth.
 When thus disguis'd, the fiend does softly come—
 With soft and trembling steps into the room,
 Where lies the dame in sleep's soft fetters ti'd,
 To whom the impostor thus himself appli'd.

“Dear daughter, while kind fate my life did
 spare,

“To make you rich and happy was my care:

“Still in the grave the same desires remain,

“Death cannot break Love's adamant chain.

“When you to Job in nuptial bands was ti'd,

“You seem'd so fortunate, so blest a bride,

“That all that lov'd you, did congratulate,

“And others envi'd your thrice happy state.

“So wise, so rich, so comely Job was then,

“He seem'd the choicest of the sons of men.

“Only our country gods he would not own,

“But serv'd a deity to us unknown.

“Hence all his grief, and your's; and much more,

“Hence smote with boils—and justly made so
 poor.

“Nor

“Nor can the god he serves, his friend protect;
“Or if he can, why does he him neglect?
“Well, let him suffer: he deserves his fate:
“And on himself has brought his God’s just hate.
“But why should you a partner with him be
“In punishment, who from his guilt art free.
“Go, and provoke him to blaspheme that God
“Who cannot save him from the angry rod.
“And then his god, who possibly may have
“Pow’r to destroy man’s life, tho’ not to save.
“For his apostacy may strike him dead,
“And then of all your grief at once you’re rid.
“For in his room the gods will soon provide
“A second husband, worthy such a bride—
“Rich, noble, young: for in the fatal book
“I lately had the privilege to look,
“And read your glorious fortune: only he
“Stands like a cloud betwixt thy heav’n and
 thee.
“*He gone*, good Fortune shall his place possess,
“And bring with her Prosperity and Peace.
“In wealth and honor like a mighty queen
“Thou long shalt reign: and when this happy
 scene
“Is past and gone: then thou, my child, in sweet
“Elysian groves, shall thy more joyful mother
 meet.”

He

He spoke, and vanish'd: straight the matron's
breast,

A fury wild and frantic had possess'd.
Impiety engross'd her soul: and all
The weak remains of grace and virtue fall.
Up starts the dame, (the fury in her breast
Would suffer her to take no longer rest,)
To Job's apartment all in haste she flies,
Where the good man oppress'd with sorrow lies.
In pious pray'r he'd spent the tedious night,
And faith and patience made his burden light.
Just as her feet upon the threshold trod,
She heard him cry—"Have mercy, O! my
God."

Then in the steps, her furious bosom full,
Venting in words like these her angry soul.

"What! mercy still! no wonder, since you
find

"The God you serve so gracious, and so kind,
"If want and sickness may be call'd rewards,
"Plenty of these t' his servants he affords,
"O! happy man: go on: and dying bless
"Your noble patron: he deserves no less.
"What fool but you, would court his bitter foe,
"Our better gods would scorn to serve you so.

"Grow

" Grow wise at last, unchain your servile tongue,
" And tell him you resent the mighty wrong.
" Was I thus rack'd with dire, excessive pain,
" This passive meaness how would I disdain,
" I would not sneak beneath th' unequal load,
" Nor feebly cry—" *Have mercy! O! my God.*"
" But with bold curses, I would satisfy
" My just revenge, and then with pleasure die.
" I would not wait his leisure thus, nor be
" Compell'd by him to live in misery.
" His ling'ring tortures I would soon prevent,
" And end my hateful days in discontent."

She spoke. And Job amaz'd her words did
hear,
Words unaccustom'd to his pious ear.
As one, that happens unawares to set
Upon an adder fierce his trembling feet,
Steps back all pale to see him raise his long
And speckled neck, and dart his forked tongue.
So was the faint surpriz'd. So started he
To hear her bold, and impious blasphemy.
But recollected soon: his careful eye
He on his dame did cast, and made this mild
reply.

" Best

“ Best had it been to be for ever dumb,
“ Than that such language from thy lips should
“ come.
“ Ah! foolish woman! void of grace and sense,
“ Has Satan seiz’d thy soul, and banish’d thence
“ All that is wise and good. O! may not God
“ When we offend use his correcting rod.
“ Shall we confine Jehovah to our will?
“ Shall he be always good, tho’ we do ill?
“ And must he, only what we choose, bestow,
“ As if what’s fit, not God, but we did know?
“ Shall we the joys, we merit not, receive,
“ And curse, if God deserved sorrows give.
“ Self int’rest this; this argues that thy breast
“ Is by the basest principle possess’d.
“ From God comes good and evil—both design’d
“ By different methods to improve mankind.”

Such was his speech, so gently he reprov’d
The baneful rage of her he dearly lov’d.
Such awful majesty and light divine
Did in his patient looks, and answer shine,—
That Belial’s agent found no more to say,
But blush’d—stood still awhile, then silent slipt
away.

End of Book the Second.

Argument of the Third Book.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Argument of the Third Book.

Description of Fame: whereby Job's misfortunes are made known to his friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. They agree to visit Job. In their way call upon Elihu. Where kindly receiv'd, they are amused with a View of the Deluge. A Prospect of Paradise. Adam's sovereignty. The Suspense of of Eve. The Fallacy of the Serpent, and her Compliance. Elihu entertains them. Their Conversation on Job. Elihu partakes the Journey. When arriv'd, they mourn at the Downfall of Job. Job in his Agony complains, laments his Birth, and accosts his Friends. Satan renews his Policy upon the Friends of Job. Makes them think Job punished for some great Sin. Eliphaz answers. Job refutes Eliphaz. Bildad answers. Job a second Time interposes, whereupon Zophar speaks. Job a third Time resumes the Argument. They debate. Satan overcome in all his Projects, in fury departs. Job in a fourth Speech closes the Debate.

—
 “Darkness oft aids the intellectual mind,
 “And sacred shades oft whisper things divine,
 “And truth divine converts our pain to peace.”

JOB: A POEM.

Book the Third.

RICH in itself the genuine diamond shines,
 And owes it's value to it's native mines;
 Yet patience like to Job's, drinks ampler rays
 Of the sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
 In suff'rings cool, in resolution bold,
 Job neither brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears
 controul'd,
 Is proof alike against both foes and friends,
 Nor from the golden mean of virtue bends;
 But wisely fix'd, to no extremes inclin'd,
 Maintains the steady purpose of his mind.

So, *Atlas*, pois'd on his broad base, defies
 The threat of gath'ring storms, and wintry skies;

Above the clouds, serene, he lifts his brow,
And sees unmov'd the thunder break below.

And now the trump of Fame, the news through-
out

Each corner of the land had spread about.
This monster Fame, she stalks the world around,
Nor can her birth or parentage be found.
A thousand tongues—and twice as many ears,
Surrounded with—she ever talks and hears.
If true or false, she cares not, so she may
Have ever something strange or new to say.
This lady in her journey, chanc'd to light
On *Eliphaz*—the noble Temanite.
A person wise and good, and near alli'd
To God-like Job, on the maternal side:
One grandame blest'd them both, but nature's
bands
Was straighter ti'd by Virtue's sacred hands.
Religion closer binds, than ties of blood,
One father makes not brothers love one God.
To this great prince the damsel did relate,
The story of his friend's unhappy fate.
Losses so great, and pains so very sore,
Fame, tho' a liar, could not make them more.

The

The hero sigh'd, and from his mournful eyes,
A flood of tears did uncommanded rise.
To *Bildad* straight a messenger he sends,
And eke to *Zophar*, two undoubted friends.
Both men of age and wisdom, famous both
For wealth and honor, piety and troth.
Each head and patron of his tribe, and each
By good example more than law, did teach
Their subjects virtue. Such were princes then,
Not greatest only, but the best of men.
(Is there such now? My muse, the truth reveal!
For nothing can his well-known name conceal!
Thrice happy ille! of such a prince posselt!
Great *George* does reign in each his subject's
breast.

O! that my muse in soft melodious verse,
Cou'd *George's* matchless virtues now rehearse.
Silent the muse—for Britain's monarch's fame,
Thro' ev'ry stage of life shines, far renown'd, the
fame.

A pattern fit for Kings his goodness shines,
From pole to pole, from east to western climes:
And Vice gives place to Virtue's cause—as
eastern light
Drives back the hov'ring shades of gloomy night.)

No

No sooner were th' unwholesome tidings
 brought,
 But they with gen'rous grief and pity fraught,
 Agreement made to visit Job : and spend
 Some time in comforting their ancient friend.
 Then on their camels* small and swift, they ride,
 Attended by their slaves on ev'ry side.
 In the mid way betwixt Job's house, and their's,
 A rising hill to passengers appears :
 Whereon there dwelt a prince, who did command
 A landscape large comprising all the land.
 Young Elihu, who was both great and good,
 Who did descend from Abra'm's kindred blood.
 When at this house the fages did alight,
 To rest themselves and servant's during night.
 The court'ous hero met them at the gate,
 And there receiv'd them with a princely state.
 When thus brought in, on purple seats they rest,
 While nice refreshment, not profuse, is drest.
 On ev'ry side bright tapers shine on high,
 And Sol's descended light to them supply.
 By which they view'd the hangings round the
 room,
 Rich tap'stry stretch'd on finest Tyrian loom.

* Of camels, there are three sorts, the smallest, called a Dromedary, very swift.

On which were fine and wond'rous figures
wrought,
Which to the eye surprizing pleasure brought.

The universal deluge there was seen,
Resembling life, as if t' had natural been.
The birds long flut'ring o'er the deluge, hope
To save themselves, but fainting, in they drop.
Women and men in wild confusion run
From place to place, but can't the danger shun.
Some to the mountains run, and there in vain
Protract the certain hour with longer pain.
Some to the tallest trees for safety fly,
But fainting, drop in floods ascending high.
But that, which most detain'd their pond'ring eyes
A lively prospect was of Paradise.
Some trees for palate, some for pleasure made,
Some for the fruit admir'd, and some for shade.

Here Adam sat in high majestic state,
While all the subject creatures round him wait.
As God's vicegerent, he the sceptre sway'd,
And humble homage all the creatures paid.
And this his power never had decay'd,
Had he his sovereign, as they him obey'd.

Nigh

Nigh to the centre of the garden stood
The tree of life, immortal, yielding food :
Whoever taste's it's fruit, fresh life receives,
And health and vigour grows amongst its leaves.

Near it the tree of knowledge, spreading wide
It's beaut'ous boughs, flood by clear river's side :
Lovely and fair it's apple look'd, but did
More fair and lovely seem, because forbid.
Beneath it's shade stood Eve, whose doubtful look,
A wish to eat, and not to eat, bespoke.
Not far the tempting serpent, gazing lie,
And view the motion of her hand and eye.
Now she puts forth her hand, now pulls it back,
As if she felt some sudden hidden check.
Now faith prevails, now flesh the strife renews,
Reason condemns, what sense would fain excuse.
At last she weakly yields, but finds th' effect,
Not such as her wild fancy did project.
She eats. And all her race her weakness mourn,
Her hapless race undone, before they 're born.

While thus their ravish'd eyes the princes fed,
The board with fine Egyptian linen spread
Is fill'd with dishes, not for pomp, but use,
Not vain, yet splendid; rich, but not profuse.
Sufficient

Sufficient for a temp'rate mind's delight,
But not to urge indulged appetite.
All things prepar'd, down sit the welcome guests,
Whom their kind host, with noble bounty feasts;
With rich Arabian wine the bowls are crown'd,
Which passes with sobriety around.
The sad occasion of their meeting there,
Oblig'd them mirth and music to forbear.
Joy seem'd indecent, while their good, their best,
Their dearest friend with sorrow lies oppress'd.
But grave and wise discourse supplies it's place,
And God-like Job, their mournful subject was.
Now they his virtue and religion praise,
His learning then, and next his virtuous ways.
Now they recall his former happy fate,
And then bewail his present changed state.

"I heard it, says Elihu, e'er you came,
"The sad account was brought by trav'ling
Fame.

"And since this journey you design to take,
"One of the number, if you please, I'll make."
They rose, and bow'd, and thanks to him address'd,

Then parted, and themselves betook to rest.

Next morn they rose: as Phœbus hail'd the day,
And reach'd their friend with Sol's declining ray.
And when arriv'd. Narration true! they found
The suff'ring hero on the naked ground.
So chang'd from what he was, so full of woe,
That for a while, their friend they did not know.
His griefs were so extreme, so sad his fate,
So far beyond what each one did relate,
Or they imagine; that they stood amaz'd,
And at some distance on his sorrow gaz'd.
Not much unlike the beaut'ous southern queen,
When she the pomp of Solomon had seen.
She stood amaz'd, and frighted did confess,
She could not half of what she heard, express.
They wept aloud, and each his garment tore,
And dust upon their shav'd heads they pour.
Deep sighs of inward anguish them possess,
And painful troubles flutter'd in each breast.
They came to comfort, and appease his grief,
But now they want the same desir'd relief.
Long time they sit in sackcloth by their friend,
Silent in grief they mournfully attend.
Till Job no longer could himself contain,
When swelling passion made him thus complain.

"Curs'd

“ Curs’d be the day, when I first saw the light,
“ And curses wait on the succedent night !
“ Why was my foolish mother fondly pleas’d,
“ To find her womb of this sad burden eas’d ?
“ Why was my father overjoy’d to see,
“ His likeness and vain hopes reviv’d in me ?
“ In me, whom this and after ages shall,
“ Of all mankind the most unhappy call.
“ That black and woeful day let God despise,
“ And from it turn his beatific eyes,
“ Let not the sun thereon vouchsafe to rise,
“ Nor shine upon it from the lofty skies.
“ Let each revolving year hereafter chuse,
“ Rather than that should come, a day to lose.
“ Let dire misfortune claim it for her own,
“ And on it with tempest’ous brow come down.
“ And on that night, not one kind star be seen,
“ To guide the steps of lost despairing men.
“ Unhappy me ! Why does my fate deny,
“ My grief it’s only sov’reign remedy ?
“ Deep sighings break my heart before I eat,
“ And dismal groans disrelish all my meat.
“ I roar for pain, in vain for comfort seek,
“ And in a flood my tears besmear my cheek.
“ Alas ! I never thought myself secure,
“ Nor yet advanc’d beyond misfortune’s pow’r.

“ Tell me my friends, say did you ever see,
“ A man afflicted and distress’d like me,
“ So soon cast down, (you see it is no dream)
“ From extreme wealth, to grief and want ex-
 tream.”

Thus spoke th’ afflicted hero, but was heard
By these his comforters with small regard.
His sufferings stood so full before their eye,
They could not thro’ that cloud his virtue spy.
To their weak faith the vast prodigious load,
Seem’d inconsistent with the love of God.
They thought such mighty woes must be the sign,
Th’ unerring consequence of wrath divine.
Thus Satan tempts Job’s friends, and did his best
With inimical thoughts to fill their breast.
To sufferings not inur’d, they neither knew,
What tender pity is to suffer due:
Nor for what wise and great, tho’ hidden ends,
High heav’n sometimes afflicts it’s dearest friends:
Nor that affliction is the means, which God
Uses to bend the harden’d heart, as with a rod.
With this blind zeal misled: when Job had done,
His sad complaint, thus Eliphaz begun.

“ Let

- " Let not our freedom Job ill taken be,
" Nor think we come, as foes, to flatter thee.
" We're loath to offend, but in a case so plain,
" He must be dumb, that can from speech refrain.
" Slight wounds are healed soon, but for a
 wound
" So rank as thine, sharp med'cines must be
 found.
" Art thou the man, from whom of late the weak,
" And feeble hands did help and comfort seek?
" Whose kind refreshing hand supported those
" Who groan'd beneath the weight of pressing
 woes?
" But 'tis, I find, an easier task to give
" Instructive rules, than by the same to live.
" What means thy raving speech, thy loud com-
 plaint?
" Tell me, who ever fell, when innocent.
" When was the right'ous man cut off, and when
" Did God forsake upright and faithful men?
" If seeds of sin be sown in the field,
" A crop of sorrow it to man will yield.
" For by the blast of God's displeasure, all
" The proud oppressors, and their projects fall.
" On them and theirs he casts a fearful death,
" The hot displeasure of Almighty breath.
" Oh!

- " Oh! what is man, that he should grow so
proud,
" So vain, and think himself more just than God?
" That he should blame God's counsels and
commands,
" And 'gainst his Maker lift rebellious hands!
" Shall man be just and true in his own eyes,
" His merit boast, and God himself despise.
" Man's dwelling is in houses made with clay,
" Who on the wing of Time so quickly pass
away.
" Whose garments fretted by the moth may
teach
" How short his life, and thus a lecture preach.
" All to this truth will join with one consent,
" That sin the parent is of punishment.
" Hence all the pains and losses you endure,
" Which by complaint you strive in vain to cure.
" All other methods ineffectual are,
" But true repentance, and incessant pray'r.
" Was I like you oppress'd with grief and pain,
" Like you I would not murmur nor complain.
" But humbly fall before th' Almighty's feet,
" And to his pleasure silently submit.
" My lawless passions I would curb, and wait
" With faith and hope a kind return of fate,
" For

"For blest is he, whom Heav'n's indulgent
hand

"Deject awhile, to make him firmly stand.

"Justice and Mercy both his throne attend,

"And each he does on weighty errands send.

"He makes men poor and wealthy, sick and
sound,

"He strikes his hand, binds up, and heals the
wound.

"If great and heavy troubles you assail,

"If you repent, not one shall e'er prevail.

"In time of famine he thy house will feed,

"And in the time of tempest guard thy head.

"No spiteful tongue shall blast thy growing
fame,

"Nor with a secret stab destroy thy name.

"At close of life the saints will take thee hence,

"In triumph to receive thy recompence.

"As reapers bind the weighty sheaves of corn,

"And bring them home with joy into the barn."

Thus argu'd Eliphaz. A mournful sigh
The patient hero fetch'd, and made reply.

"In

“In such distress, methinks, my friends from
you,

“Some favor and compassion might be due.

“And so it would, did you th’ Almighty dread,

“But from your breasts all tenderness is fled.

“Because you fondly think yourselves secure,

“From all the pangs and sorrows I endure.

“I did not beg relief, nor once demand

“Desir’d relief by you from God’s high hand.

“But can you not to your old friend afford,

“The not expensive alms of one kind word.

“What desperate logic teaches to conclude,

“Because I am distressed, I can’t be good?

“Does health and goodness both join hand in
hand,

“That both alike must either fall or stand?

“Must misery and trouble ever be

“The sign of an offended Deity?

“Does sorrow always argue guilt? And must

“Unhappy men be bad, or Heav’n unjust?

“Does not the sun without controul dispense,

“To good and bad his vital influence?

“God made that glorious planet, and shall he

“Be ti’d to rules, as we his creatures be?

“Dark are the ways of God, and who can prove

“From them the object of his hate, or love.

“Sometimes

“ Sometimes the wicked flourish, and enjoy
“ More than enough luxur’ous sense to cloy.
“ While the good man oppress’d with tears and
 grief,
“ In vain complain, and meet with no relief.
“ Yet still my innocence I value more,
“ Than all on earth, that I possess’d before.
“ To God, who rules on high, I will appeal,
“ And wait the issue of his right’ous will.
“ O God most mighty, why contend with me?
“ How can a mortal frail, contend with thee?
“ My grief is great, I roar for very pain,
“ And this my mortal life I do disdain.
“ Remove thy hand—let thy displeasure cease—
“ That I may breath my future day in peace.
“ This if thou grant not, let thy mercy come,
“ And let me find relief in silent tomb.”

When Bildad thus—

“ Shall God his settled laws at once remove?
“ Shall he not punish vice, and virtue love?
“ Doubtless thy children fell beneath the stroke
“ Of that just vengeance, which they did pro-
 voke.

H

“ Why

“Why such your thoughts, that you ’re exempt
from sin,

“For secret crimes by thee have harbour’d been.

“Thou hast offended God, by thinking, he

“Thro’ the thick cloud thy follies could not
see,

“Or that God did not thro’ his justice great,

“Visit for sin, and change thy happy state.

“Thy pious works, and boasted innocence,

“In God’s all-righteous ways are mere pretence.

“Had’st thou been good—God would thy loss
restore,

“And make thee happy, as thou wast before.

“This truth to past and present times well
known,

“Succeeding ages shall receive and own.

“Let go thy sins, presumptuous words forbear

“And bow thyself in meek and humble pray’r.

“Return to God, and set thy conscience free,

“And then exempt from pain, you soon will be.

“By blessing from above thy fortune thou shalt
raise,

“And turn thy present sighs to songs of praise.”

This

This said, the patient Job again arose,
And thus a second time did interpose.

“ When did I once at all presume to mount
“ The throne of God, and call him to account.
“ Thou dost mistake, my God my soul adores,
“ And e’en the least rebellious thought abhors.
“ Had I the keenest wisdom for defence?
“ Was I an angel? Was I arm’d with sense?
“ I should no sooner in his presence come,
“ Than this my shew of wisdom would be dumb.
“ For some wise end, my God most mighty, hath
“ Me singled out to bear his burning wrath.
“ Of such great sins I can’t myself accuse,
“ As you against my actions do produce.
“ God’s judgements oft await the good. The
 best
“ Of mortals often are with grief oppress’d.

Then Zophar thus.—

“ Wilt thou thy God accuse? Wilt thou pretend
“ Thy life and boasted virtue to defend?
“ Justice divine you boldly have abus’d,
“ And with vain worth you have your mind
 amus’d.

“ Of God’s most sacred ways you make a jest,
“ And of his right’ousness would him divest.
“ You ought from hence to know, that tho’ the
score
“ Of your complaints be great, your sins are
more.
“ Should he continue this your grief: you must
“ Submit, and still confess that God is just
“ You argue wrong, you say, that equal fate
“ Does on the bad and right’ous man await.
“ I know that God in right’ous men delights,
“ And them protects in all their legal rights.
“ To men unjust, oppressive like to you,
“ He sends the scourge to their offences due.
“ In vain they look for happiness—in vain
“ Deserved pains, and losses they complain.”

Zophar his zeal and anger having spent,
The patient Job resum’d the argument.

“ The God I love is just, you ne’er shall make
“ My steadfast soul it’s first resolves forsake.
“ His justice is unerring, never can
“ His justice be controul’d by mortal man.
“ The bad man prospers in his wicked ways,
“ And health and plenty flourish o’er his days:
“ While

-
- " While good men are oppress'd, and truly may
" Account their life too much a winter's day.
" Learn wisdom then, and own that Providence
" Acts by a law superior far to sense.
" The seeming joys of sin shall end with speed,
" And real sorrows in their room succeed.
" While God by suff'rings does the good prepare
" For heav'n above.—
" Affliction is the furnace, where the mind
" Of good and righteous men is here refin'd.
" That in their Father's kingdom they may shine,
" Like angels—all immortal, all divine."
" O! that my words were penn'd on solid rock!
" Or deep engrav'd on brass: to stand the shock
" Of immemorial time—
" Here rests my faith! My God, my King will
 save
" My soul, and raise my body from the grave.
" Altho' my flesh, now pain'd with sickness, must
" When God shall call, return to native dust.
" Altho' my skin, now spread with sores, must
 feed
" The hungry worms, which in the grave do
 breed.

" Yet

“Yet at the last, I shall behold my Lord—
“The great, triumphant God: Who by his
word
“Made heav’n and earth, and who will make
them more
“Completely bright and lovely, than before;
“Wherein we shall when this our day be gone,
“Receive from God a bright, immortal crown.”

He spoke, but so the combat did not cease,
Nor patient Job obtain desired peace.
Much did they argue yet on either side,
Much was objected, and as much repli’d:
They urge, he answers: They rejoin, and he
By reason’s pow’r refute their sophistry.
Till Satan overcome: with anger fled,
And in the burning lake plung’d deep his head.

Satan no longer tempting, they did wait,
While god-like Job thus clos’d the long debate.

“If e’er I heard the widow’s piteous cries,
“Or helpless orphans plead with bitter sighs.
“I made the mournful widow’s heart rejoice,
“And orphans tun’d my praise with chearful
voice.

“I put

" I put on Justice, and it cloath'd me round,
" I stood with truth, as with a vestment bound.
" These ornaments did bring me more renown,
" Than did my purple, or my regal crown.
" Both young and aged lean'd with awful awe,
" To what I spoke, and took it for a law.
" But view my adverse fate! Behold in me,
" What sad and lamentable change you see.
" Thus ruin'd, thus forsaken, I complain
" And cry to thee my God, but cry in vain.
" Thou wilt not hear my voice, but dost oppose
" Thyself against me, and support my foes.
" Come, gentle Death! stand thou my friend: I
 have
" No hope, no ease, no refuge, but the grave.
" When I was well, I ever bore good mind,
" And shew'd that mercy, which I cannot find.
" Sad objects I could ne'er behold, but from
" My melting eyes a flood of tears would come.
" And am I thus requited? Am I now
" The only man, to whom no pity's due.
" Yet still my right'ousness I will maintain,
" And vindicate my virtue from your stain.
" I dare appeal to God, my Judge most high,
" To search, and witness my integrity.

" If

" If I have studied to disguise my heart,
" Or set my praises forth with flowers of art.
" Or if, like Adam, I've conceal'd my sin,
" And with flight fig-leaves hid my naked skin.
" Then let my present troubles never end,
" And let me end my days without one bosom
friend."



Thus Job concluded his defence—and they
Eliphaz—Bildad—Zophar found no more to
say.

Satan o'ercome : They all with patience wait,
To hear, what young Elihu should debate.

End of the Third Book.

Argument of the Fourth Book

THE main introduction Eliphaz into the debate—
—who, by his counsel, gives advice to Job and
his friends—shows by the words of the Creation,
God's greatness, and man's defects—A new
person is introduced—
—mighty accuser Job—Job answers—God

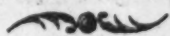
BOOK THE FOURTH.

—The sacred influence of repentance and prayer—
—The things which are the works of Job—
orders them to make a covenant of sacrifice—
They come on Job—Job exalts in silence—
prays for himself and friends—A young man
hath—A sign of atonement made—Job—
on the altar—God is a spirit, accuser Job—
puts an end to his trial—promises a return of
his health—A new dispensation of his fortune—
riches—The restoration of his family—and
that future blessing should attend him and
them—The passage ends—Job—The

Argument of the Fourth Book.

THE muse introduces Elihu into the debate—who, by his counsel, gives advice to Job and his friends—shews by the works of the Creator, God's greatness, and man's defects.—A tempestuous whirlwind—from whence the Almighty accosts Job.—Job answers—God speaks a second time—Job answers, and acknowledges God's justice in punishing him.—The sacred influence of repentance and prayer.—The Almighty accosts the friends of Job—orders them to make atonement by sacrifice.—They wait on Job.—Job erects an altar.—He prays for himself and friends.—A flame from heaven—A sign of atonement made—lights on the altar.—God in a speech accosts Job—puts an end to his trial—promises a return of his health.—A two-fold return of his former riches.—The restoration of his family—and that future blessings should attend him and them.—The promises made good.—The conclusion.

JOB: A POEM.



Book the Fourth.



PROCEED my muse, now in the drama place,
 The good Elihu, friend to human race.
 What were the praise, if this friend idly stood,
 Content alike to do nor harm, nor good.
 Tho' shunning ill, inactive and supine,
 Like painted suns, that warm not, while they shine.
 His nobler soul such narrow life disdains,
 Flows out and meets another's joys and pains;
 Tastes his friend's sorrow, not possess'd alone,
 Seeks his friend's ease conjointly with his own,
 Hence buds the sense of friendship's gen'rous fires,
 Hence liberality the soul inspires—
 Hence streams of good in constant actions flow,
 And man to man becomes a God below!

Till now Elihu with attention sat,
And silence kept amidst the long debate,
Great without pride, disdaining self conceit,
Blest with sound judgment, learning quite complete.

Silence expressive—that he amply knew,
What deference to his elders rested due.

At length with Job and them offence he took,
Th' important cause he saw they all mistook.
And thus his silence broke—

“Till now I thought myself more fit to hear,
“Than speak, employing not my tongue, but ear.
“Till now I thought my youth no match t'engage
“Your grave experience, and maturer age.
“Instruction should from age proceed—
“Still wisdom does not always wait on hoary
 hairs,
“But sometimes blest the early stage of years.
“Tis Heav'n's boon, which sometimes is deni'd
“To age advanc'd—and by the youth enjoy'd.
“Hear with attention, this my counsel take,
“And ne'er the paths of sacred truth forsake.
“Why did your wisdom sage at all pretend,
“With crimes of deepest dye to charge your friend.
“His

“ His life to censure, on his life to cast
“ Opprobrious terms, and nothing prove at last.
“ Will you by this reclaim him to a sense,
“ Why God thus deals?—why shake his confidence?
“ Let wisdom dictate—take another course—
“ Let reason good, now bring him to remorse.
“ O! Job, thou man belov’d!—
“ Attention pay, to God thou hast appeal’d,
“ I stand his witness—furnish’d now to yield
“ Reason sufficient. Job my counsel take,
“ And God’s great end in this do not mistake.
“ Thy former life I blame not, for thy bright,
“ Thy shining virtues did give great delight.
“ But now let go conceit. ‘I’m free from sin,’
“ Thou oft has said, ‘My life is pure and clean.
“ My actions have been spotless, neither can
“ Be charg’d with any crimes ’gainst God or man.’

“ Such language suits not mortals, it defies
“ God thy Creator—and his pow’r denies:
“ Why call in quest his justice? Why pretend
“ To scan those ends, you cannot comprehend?
“ Behold thy sin commences here: And may
“ Not God his justice for that sin display?

“ Unlike

“ Unlike to man is God : No likeness can
“ Be made ’twixt God most high, and mortal man.
“ With him how dare vain mortals to contend,
“ Or tax those ways they cannot comprehend.
“ Above all reach his pleasure is his rule,
“ And his great fiat acts without controul.
“ His actions like himself, are wise and free,
“ And have their birth from his own wise decree.
“ We cannot judgment form of God’s great
ways,
“ Nor speak of them with too profound a praise.
“ Shall we then dare their great intent to know,
“ Their great intent, which from himself does
flow ?
“ Appear these things for thee too deep to sound,
“ Too dark, too full of myst’ry to expound.
“ Awake thy reason—own thy want of skill,
“ Presume not for to know thy Maker’s will.
“ Await the end of every message sent,
“ Sent for thy good—tho’ sent a punishment.
“ Observe the seasons—view the fleecy snow:
“ Observe the winds at his command to blow.
“ Then when he speaks—the winds are hush’d
and still :
“ And thus do *all* his great commands fulfill.

“ The

"The elements in turn proclaim the word
"Of their Creator, and eternal Lord.
"Gently the showers drop, and plenty yield :
"Anon the tempest over-runs the field.
"The harvest day eclips'd by falling rain,
"Converts the harvest pleasure into pain.
"The winged songsters 'fore the tempest fly,
"The beasts in dens and coverts trembling lie,
"In wintry night cold frosts the floods suppress,
"And on the river lies a field of ice.
"By southern wind the fogs do rise—and then
"Does Boreas blow—and clear the air again.
"By western rays observe the beautiful bow,
"When from the summer clouds the rain does
flow.
"By this God's faithful promise bring to mind,
"And hence reflect upon his mercy kind.
"These works of God surpass thy bounded skill;
"The varied works of God's creative will.
"Thus does the God most high instruct mankind,
"Thus to his creatures does reveal his mind.
"When we sin not—when we do not forsake
"His sacred laws—we then of good partake.
"But when we sin, he sends some weak'ning pain,
"Which binds the body with a heavy chain.

"If

" If he heals not, the flesh consumes away,
 " And death stands by to seize the sinking prey.
 " And even then should sinners but relent,
 " Their sins bewail, and solemnly repent ;
 " Such gracious love does God to mortals bear,
 " Such good success still follows faithful prayer;
 " That tho' awhile in solemn silent grave,
 " The body sleeps, it will the soul retrieve.
 " Thus in his mercy does our God instill
 " Into the human breast the knowledge of his will:
 " That man may learn the sacred law to love,
 " For deeds submissive to his will does God ap-
 prove.

" Cease mortal man, with all submission yield,
 " And quit with meekness the unequal field.
 " Pardon implore—presumption bid be gone,
 " Thus will the mercy of thy God be won.
 " The God of Heav'n can wound and heal: He
 can
 " Afflict and then restore his creature man.
 " He seldom wounds. The message learn: for
 then
 " With pity he beholds the frame of man.
 " His anger past, he will in goodness bless
 " Thy future years, with two-fold happiness."

Thus

Thus did Elihu his good sense declare: *And*
 Nor did Job speak. The mighty God was near:
 A dreadful whirlwind on a sudden rose, *And*
 And dismal darkness did the place enlose. *O*
 The tempest loud proclaim'd the sacred way,
 Lightnings and Thunder with impetuous sway:
 If *He* but touch the mountains, they shall smoke,
 Nor can man live, if he but angry look. *I*
 Job and his trembling friends with conscious fear,
 Fell prostrate down, and own'd that God was near.

When thus from out the dark the awful cloud,
 The Lord Jehovah spoke:—

“Why Job dost thou pretend to know my plan
 “In thus chastizing thee? Why thus to scan
 “My dealings wise and good? Come, reason give,
 “Why thus I act? That thou may’st happier live,

“When first my *fiat* made the solid earth,
 “And gave to infant time and motion birth. *A*
 “When these I wrought to make a seat for man,
 “Did I not act without thy counsel then? *O*
 “Canst thou appoint the sun to rise—or make
 “The moon to stop its journey for thy sake?
 “Canst thou the stars and planets bid to shine?
 “Canst thou direct the comet’s blazing line?

“Canst

"Canst thou bid rise the high aspiring hill;
 "Or cause the ocean to be rough or still?
 "Hast thou an arm of strength and force divine?
 "Or canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
 "Then let the sons of men await thy nod;
 "Abase the great—and shew thyself a God.

"Learn to be [man] and Learn thence to bow
 before
 "These strong creative proofs of sov'reign pow'r.
 "I chastise those I love—and those I hate
 "I leave to reap their own deserved fate."

Then Job in humble posture said—

"Lord I'm vile, I've no reply to make,
 "Let mercy come, for thy great mercies sake.
 "What I have said—I now condemn: nor shall
 "Any but language humble from me fall."

Then from the whirlwind heav'n's high Monarch
 Spoke

A second time, and frightened Nature shook:
 Unable to withstand the mighty word
 Of her Creator, and eternal Lord.

"Art thou abas'd? My care for human kind,
 "Which man and beast does so indulgent find,
 "No longer doubt? For thee I do debase,
 "Example of that care to human race.

"As

“ As Pharoah rose to make my power known—
“ So thee I struck—to have my mercy shewn.
“ Bear with humility of heart my rod,
“ Abase thyself—and own *me* thy God.
“ Confess that by my help you’re made to stand,
“ To owe your safety to my healing hand.
“ Then will I ease thee of thy grievous smart,
“ Send healing med’cine to thy wounded heart.”

 The Lord thus spoke—
Then as a suppliant, Job prostrate laid
His body down, and thus he meekly pray’d.

“ Lord I submit—with meekness I adore
“ Thy sov’reign wisdom, and Almighty power.
“ Justice and truth *both* doth to thee belong,
“ And I thro’ non-compliance have done wrong.
“ My folly I confess, and want of sense,
“ In judging rashly of thy providence.
“ Thy truth a mountain is, thy love a sea,
“ The first too high, the last too deep for me
“ To comprehend.
“ Now will I fall before thy sacred seat,
“ And prostrate lie at thy Almighty feet.
“ Here with a thorough sense of grief I’ll lie,
“ Till thou hast pardoned my iniquity.
“ Instruct me how myself, and thee to know,
“ Thee, from whose hands such streams of
 bounty flow.

" Lord, I abhor myself, and full of grief
 " My sins acknowledge, and invoke relief."

Thus pray'd the faint—and straight th' afflicting
 God

Was reconcil'd, and laid aside the rod.
 Firm faith and true repentance heav'n command,
 And humble pray'r disarm th' Almighty's hand.
 He could no longer frown, no longer shew
 Anger in hand, nor personate the foe.
 But now in mercy put a joyful end,
 To all Job suffered—and became his friend.

But first Job's friends he thus bespoke—

" Thou and thy two companions have incur'd
 " My just displeasure, and my anger stirr'd.
 " Job did amidst his pain and sorrow shew
 " Such patience bright, as is unknown to you.
 " Repent ye then, and preparation make
 " T' appease my wrath incens'd. And with you
 take
 " Off'rings of bullocks—offer spotless lambs'
 " To be consum'd, and burnt in hallow'd flames.
 " Him I have made my priest, and for his sake,
 " You of my grace, and mercy may partake.
 " His sacrifice I will accept, and when
 " He prays for you, I'll pardon this your sin."

God

God spoke. His word most sacred they attend,
And unto Job their utmost aid did lend,
The order'd sacrifice procur'd, they brought,
And with reluctance they his favour sought.

Then Job arose, and sanctified the ground,
Remov'd th' unclean, and sprinkled water round,
Of chosen stones an altar then he built
God's wrath t' appease, and supplicate their guilt.
The off'rings, and the wood in order laid,
The saint kneel'd down, and thus devoutly pray'd.

"Thou good supreme! who doth thy wrath
restrain,

"And sendest less, than we deserve of pain.

"We've greatly sinn'd, and if thou should'st
proceed

"In chastisement—we must approve the deed.

"As contrite suppliants we our sins lament,

"And own the justice of the punishment.

"Parent of good—pardon my friends and me,

"And let that pardon flow to us from thee.

"Disarm thyself of justice—Undertake

"For us th' atonement for thy mercies sake."

Scarce had Job finish'd. When behold from
heav'n

A sure sign of kind acceptance giv'n.

Of

Of wrath appeas'd.—A perfect ray there shone
 Of light divine, which bid their fears be gone.
 Atoning flame came swiftly in their fight,
 And on the sacred altar did alight.
 The hallow'd off'ring caught the sacred flame,
 And after that they prais'd Jehovah's name.
 This done, th' Almighty's voice was heard aloft,
 Not dreadful as before, but mercifully soft.
 As when in pity great, high heav'n decreed
 To save mankind, when lost, by promis'd seed.
 Such was the voice, and so benignly sweet,
 And thus it did God's patient servant greet.

“Thy pray'rs are heard. Thou man of God
 belov'd!

“'Cause in the day of trial found approv'd.

“Why thus I act, thou now shalt see the ends,

“And I for thee will pardon these thy friends.

“Thy trial past. Thy triumph yet remains,

“And certain is. So the high God ordains.

“Thy suff'rings and thy wants shall end with
 speed:

“And days far happier in their room succeed.

“Thy loss shall be repair'd, and all thy store,

“Shall double be to what it was before.

“All they, who ponder'd at thy change of late,

“Shall ponder more to see thy happier state.

“As when from out of Egypt Israel came,

“(By which my chosen prais'd my acquir'd fame.)

“Th'

- “Th’ Egyptians unto them their gold & silver lent,
“And not among their tribes from thence one
feeble sent.
“So when thy kindred and acquaintance hear
“Thy joyful change. They prest with conscious
fear,
“Shall to thy courts with compliments resort,
“And by rich presents thy lost friendship court.
“A wife more sapient, than thou hadst before
“Shall with thee blest—enjoy thy twofold store.
“Sons as of late thou shalt beget—And three
“As lovely daughters shall be born to thee:
“Whose filial goodness shall console thy age,
“Whose virtues shall adorn historic page.
“These with thy sons I’ll blest with prosp’rous
fate,
“And long shall they enjoy my favours great:
“In land, as Canaan :—fruitful land—where
flows
“Abundant milk and honey : and where grows
“Each herb nutritious :—Corn, oil, and wine:
“Where twofold I’ll increase thy store of ev’ry
kine.
“Succeeding ages shall rehearse thy name,
“And future bards shall sing thy lasting fame.
“For years to come shalt thou with pleasure see
“These children blest with fruitful progeny.
“Thus during life I will thy house befriend;
“And peaceful death thy pious life shall end.”

God’s

God's word stood firm, as mountains girt with
earth,

That word, which gave to infant time, its birth.

For God is not a man, that he should lie,

Nor yet his sacred promise e'er deny.

As mountains girt with strength, with truth he
stands,

For all things must obey his dread commands:

Thus manifest did patience shine in Israel's line

Describ'd in Job of oriental time;

For Job but emblem is of Israel's name,

When Jacob's sons from out of Egypt came;

His fall, their bondage—and his happier end,

Emblem of their's in Canaan's fruitful land.

Patience, thou offspring, lovely Child of Heav'n,

Blest is the man to whom thy boon is giv'n!

He lives quite humble in his prosperous day,

And not in grief, when troubled, pines away.

Troubles, he thinks, are sent by Heav'n most high,

To answer good; and thinks, that good is nigh.

Blessings with thanks he takes as God's good grant,

And uses them as blessings only lent!

Hence patience learn, thou restless child of man,

And with this virtue thy Creator scan:

Hence health and ease shall on thy days attend,

And such thy days with happiness shall end.

Finis.

Norwich: Printed by Stevenson & Sons, in the Market-place.

